SIX

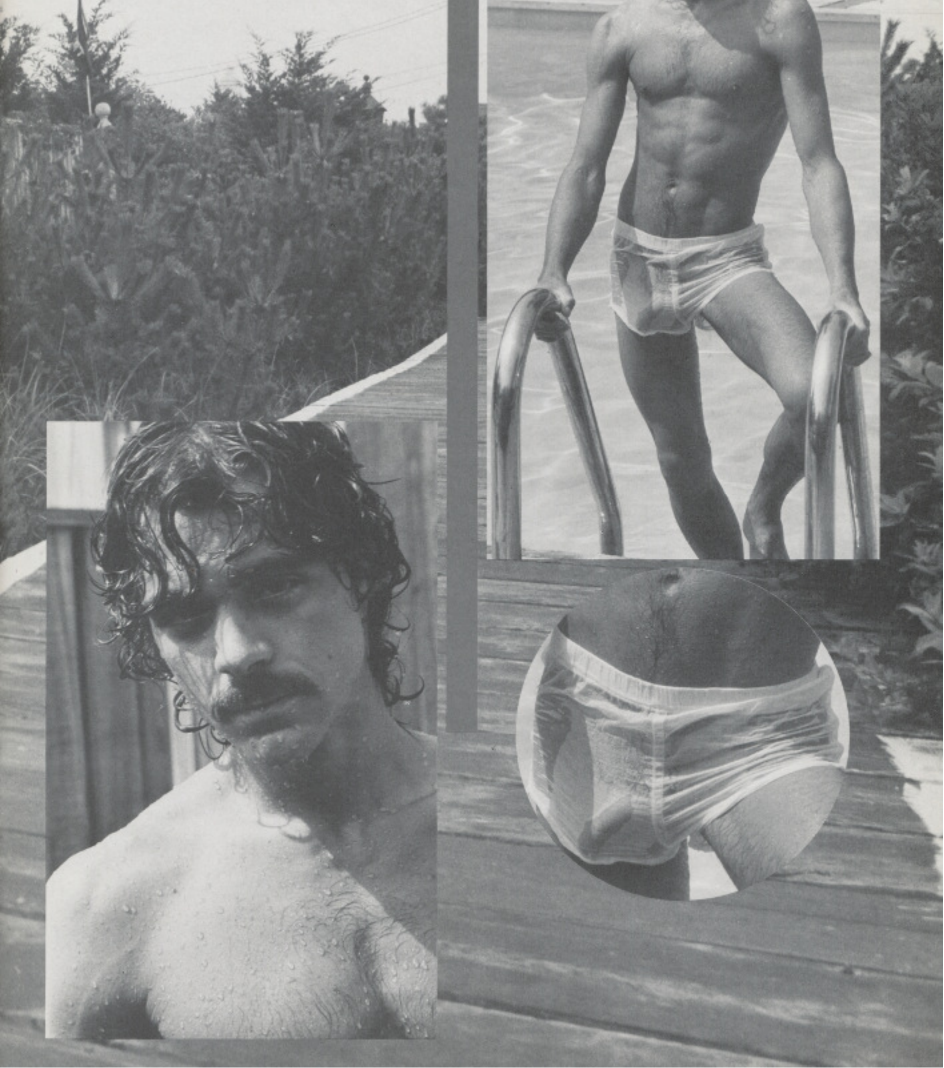
MASCULIN INTERNATIONAL

nouvelle collection

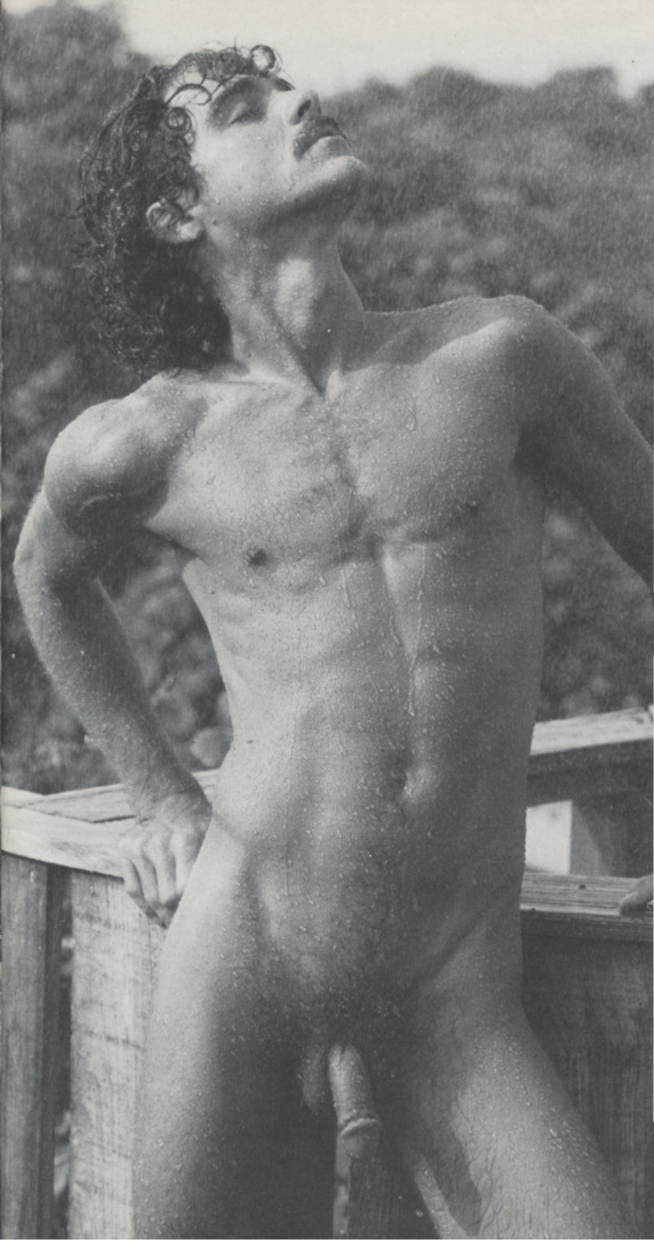
Revenu, après deux ans, sur le lieu de nos vacances, je refaisais le pèlerinage des amours de Trader. D'abord, il y avait eu DeVere.

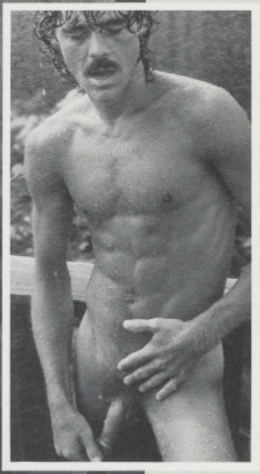
Du chemin de promenade, on découvrait la somptueuse demeure, engoncée dans ses palissades et enfouie derrière une plantureuse végétation. Le soleil brillait par dessus les tuiles de bois.

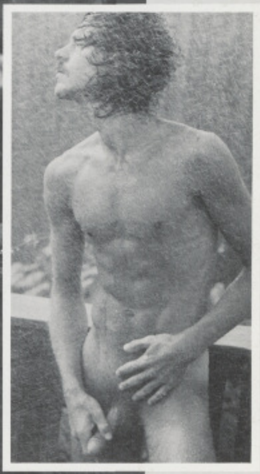
DeVere y façonnait le cours du temps à sa manière : plongeons dans la piscine et bains de soleil. Images alternées de plaisirs fugaces et futils.



DeVere n'avait eu jamais d'autre souci apparent
que celui d'améliorer son bronzage,
pourtant toujours fort prononcé.
Mais c'était ce qu'attendaient ses amants...



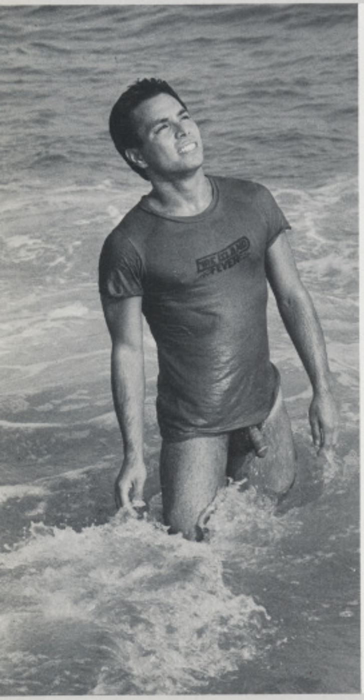


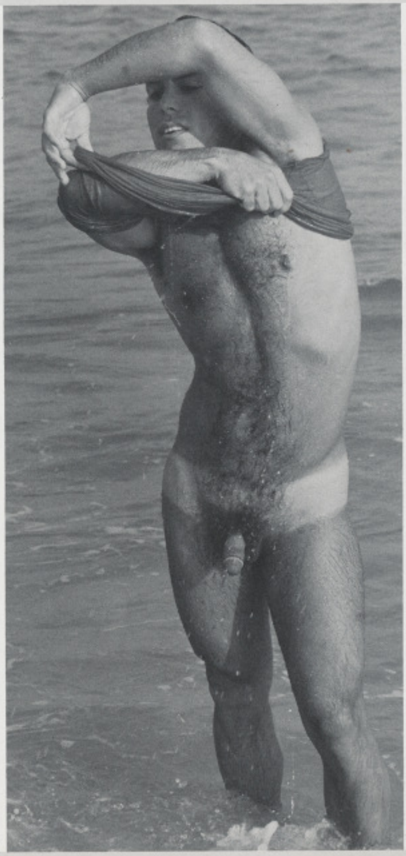


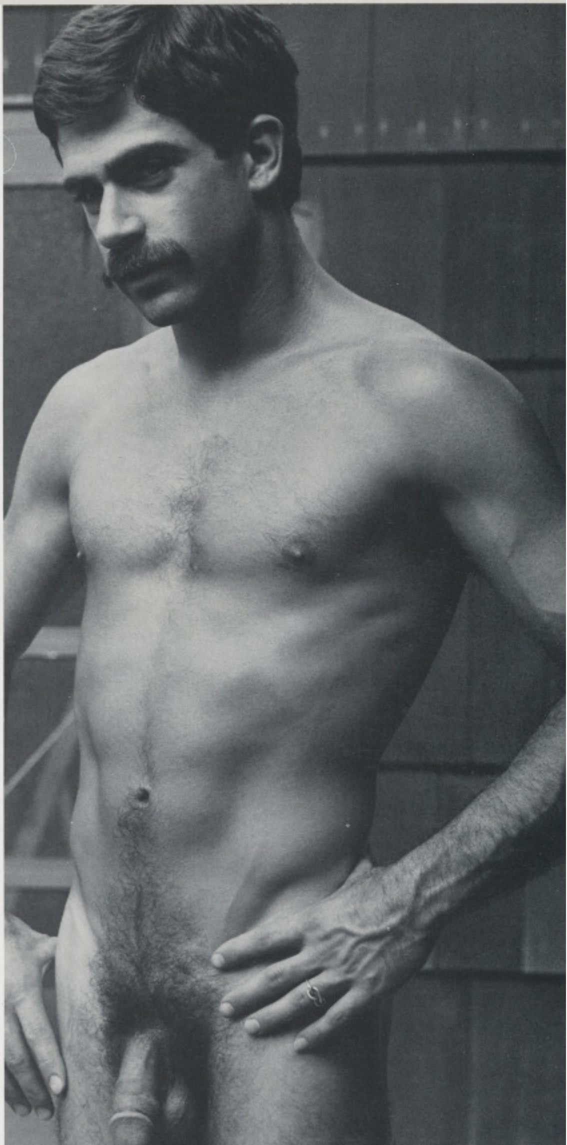
Un brusque et violent orage d'été avait déchiré l'atmosphère de rafales en furie. DeVere, grimpé sur le toit de sa maison, avait littéralement joui sous le déluge chaud et sensuel qui cinglait son corps avec la brutalité d'un ceinturon clouté.

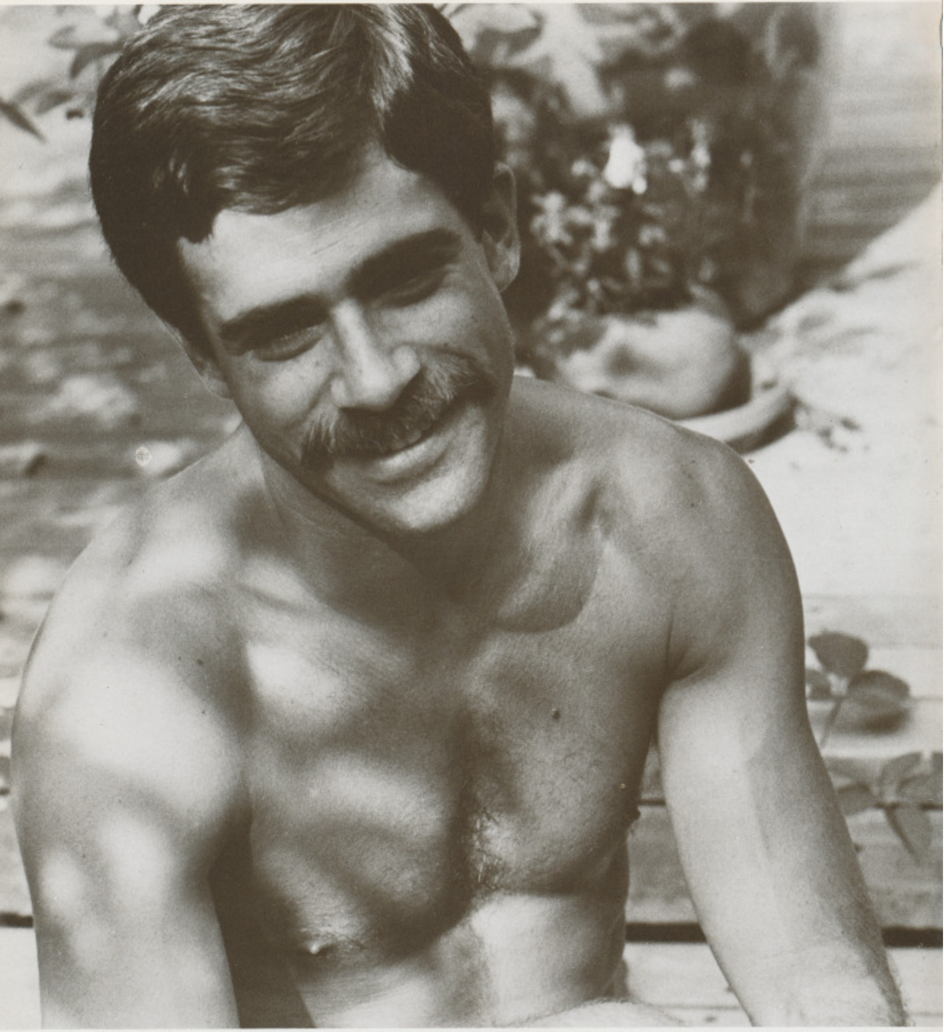
Mais pendant que les gouttes cristallines de la pluie s'évaporaient furtivement au soleil revenu, mon désir de renouer avec DeVere s'évanouissait.

Le chemin des souvenirs menait à Paul et Gene.
Eux aussi faisaient partie du passé de Trader.

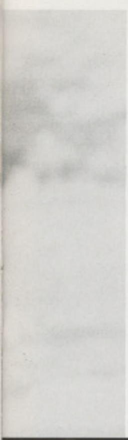


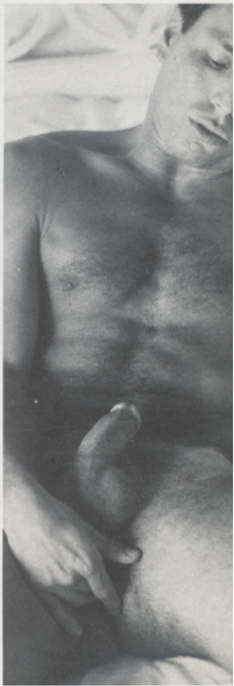




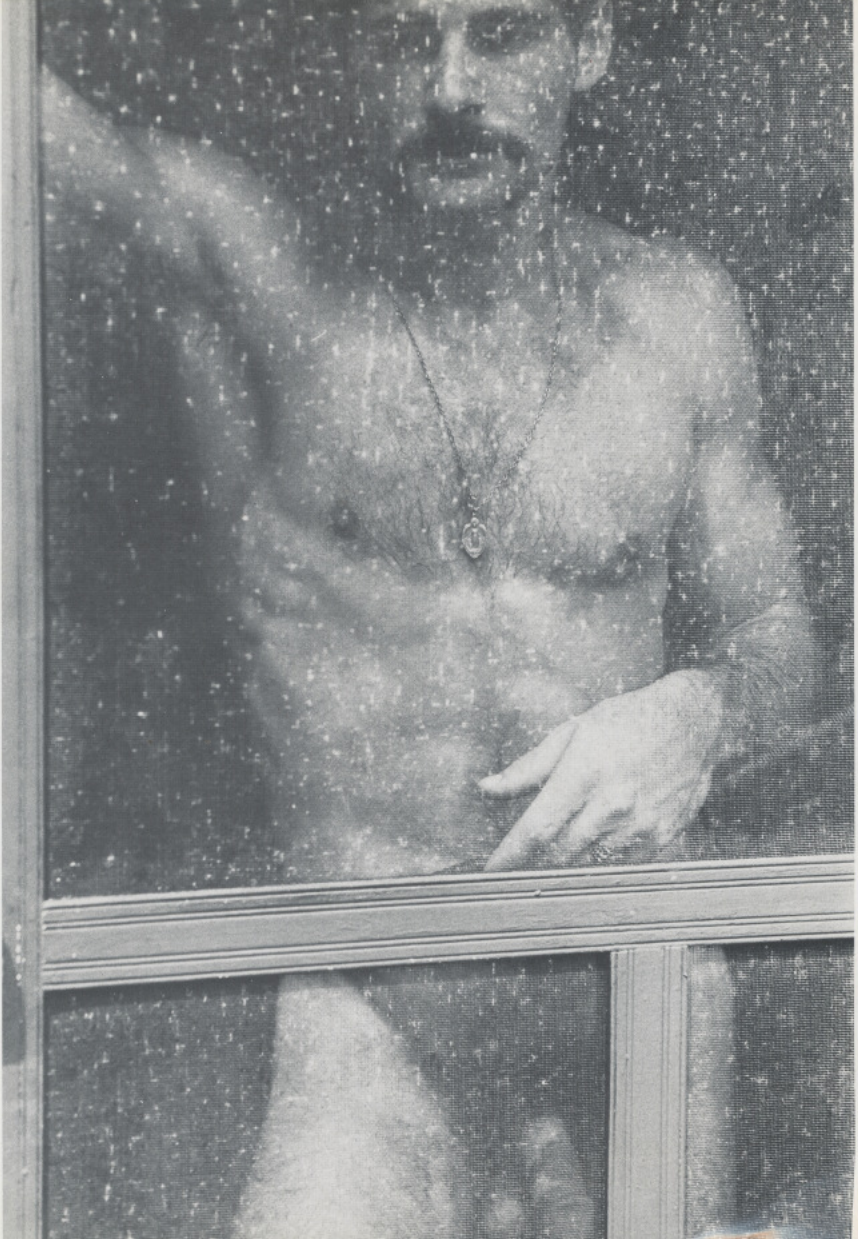


Complaisamment installés dans une fidélité monotone,
Paul et Gene finiront sans aucun doute toujours ensemble !
Ils avaient découvert une sorte d'harmonie
et de sécurité, l'un avec l'autre... Mari et mari.
C'est à envier.
C'est très agaçant.



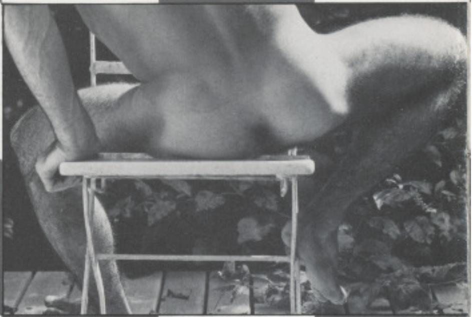


A Fire Island, il n'y a pas de « chez soi ».
N'importe qui entre chez n'importe qui...
Aussi les ai-je trouvés à poil, comme tout le monde sur l'île.
Accueil chaleureux. Décontracté. On aurait pensé qu'on ne s'était pas vus de quelques jours seulement. Tant de mois pourtant avaient passé !...
Gene était toujours aussi attirant. Mais leur bonheur tranquille soudain m'exaspéra. Pourquoi eux ? Les autres ? Jamais moi !...



J'ai dragué Gene d'une manière flagrante.

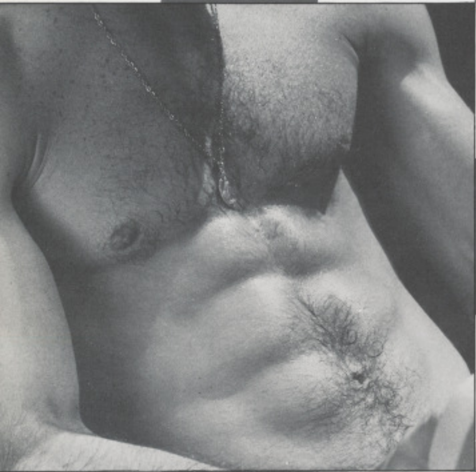
Froidement, Paul m'a fixé droit dans les yeux. Il a glissé un regard bref sur chaque partie de mon corps. Comme on reconstitue un puzzle.

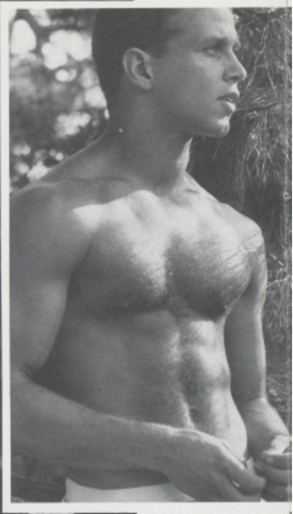


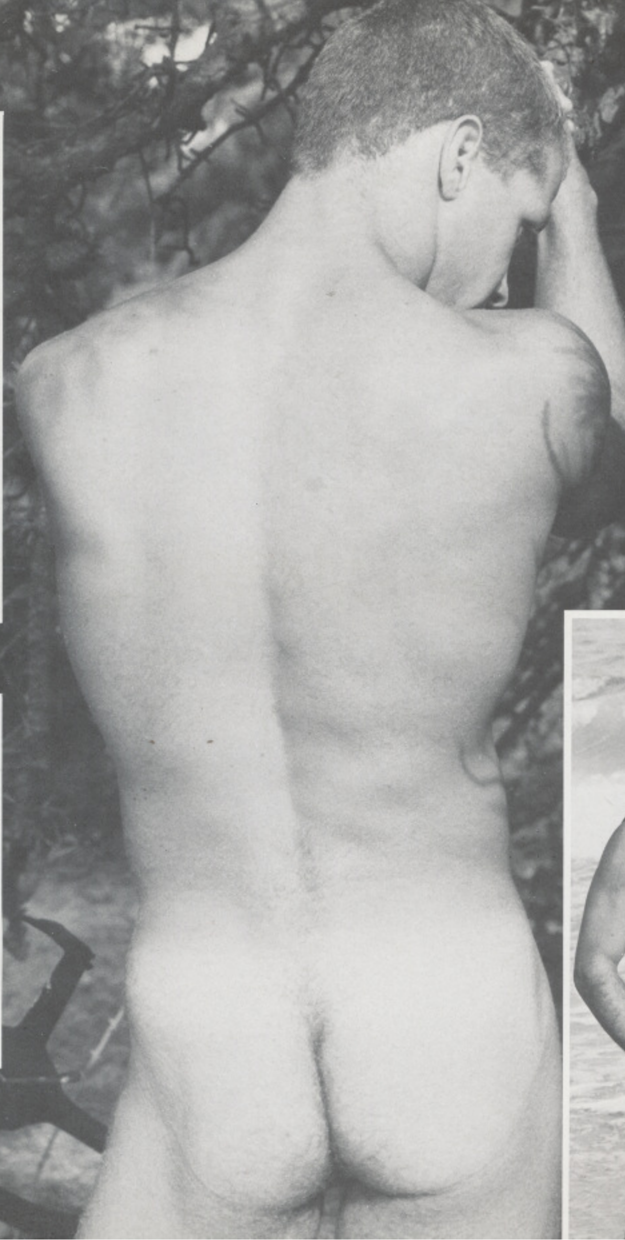
Souriant à Gene et tournant les talons, il a lancé un vague « Amusez-vous bien ».

Je venais de faire « échec et mat » sur l'échiquier de la Drague.

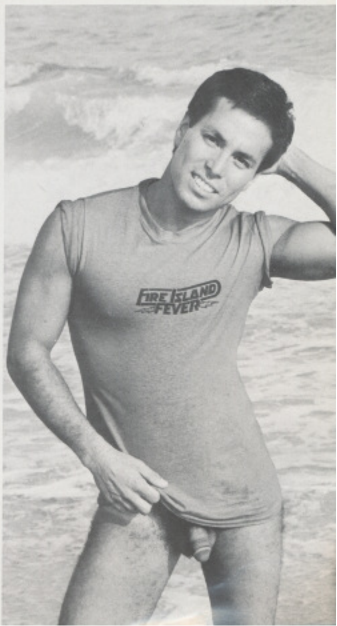
Mais que doit penser Gene ?...

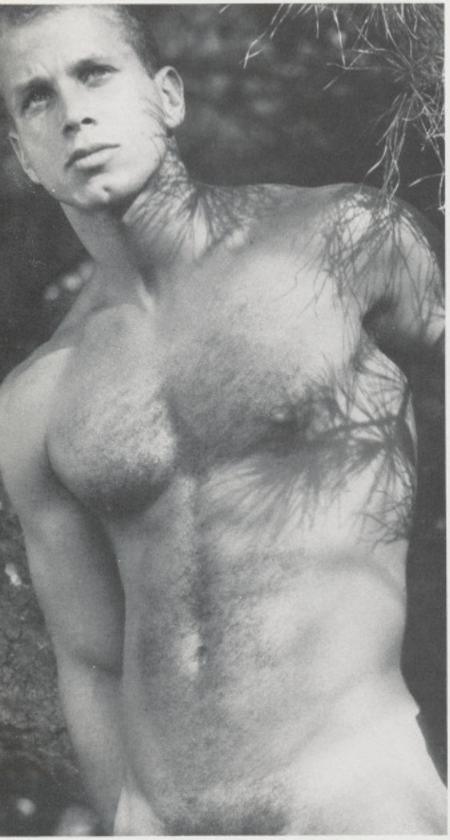




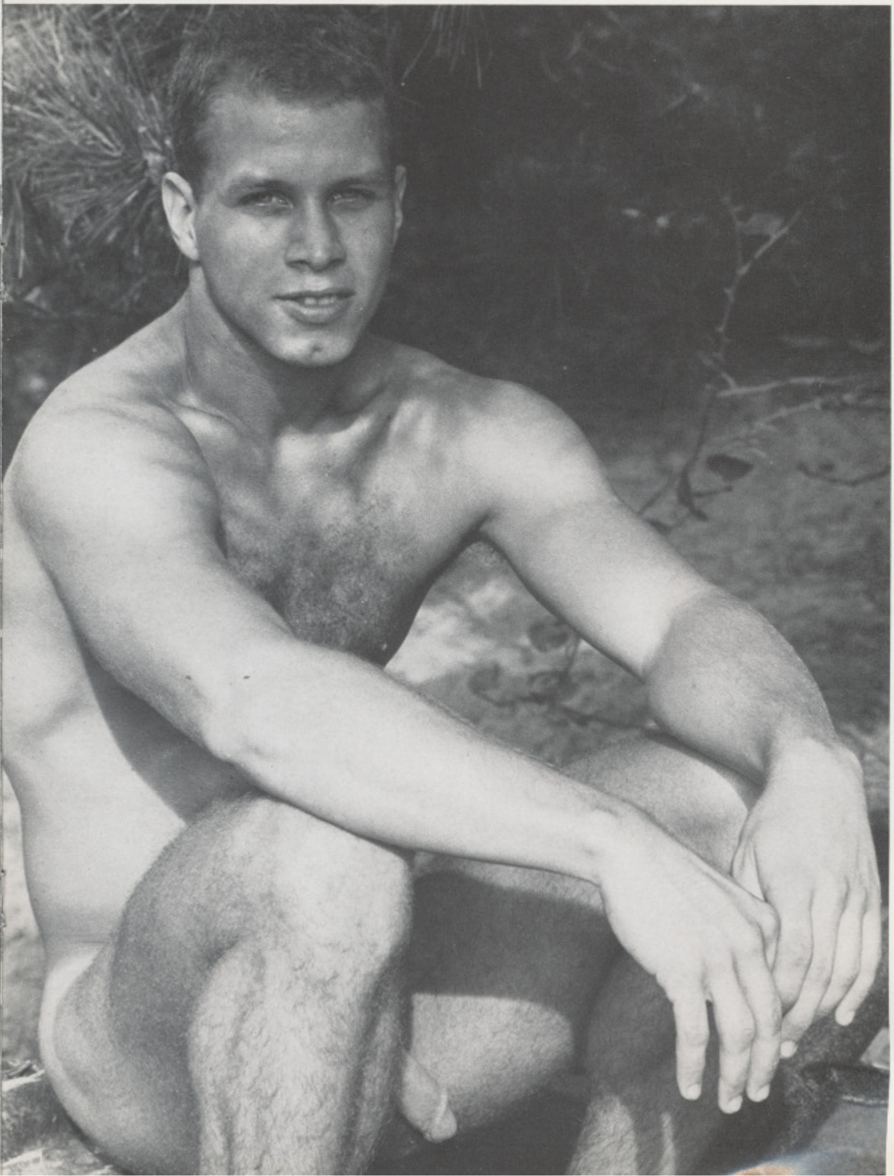


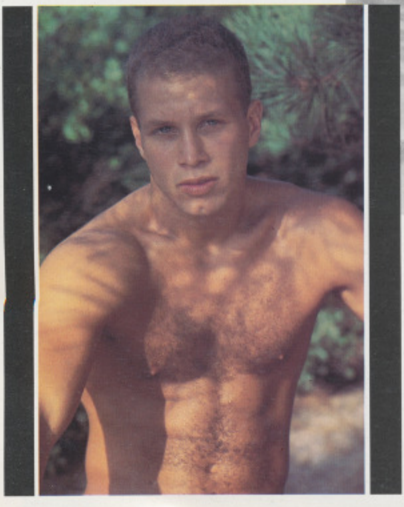
Paul, bien que se sentant menacé, avait appris à s'adapter.
Il considérait les histoires de fesses comme un fantastique terrain de jeu.
Surtout ici, à l'ILE DES VACANCES ETERNELLES.

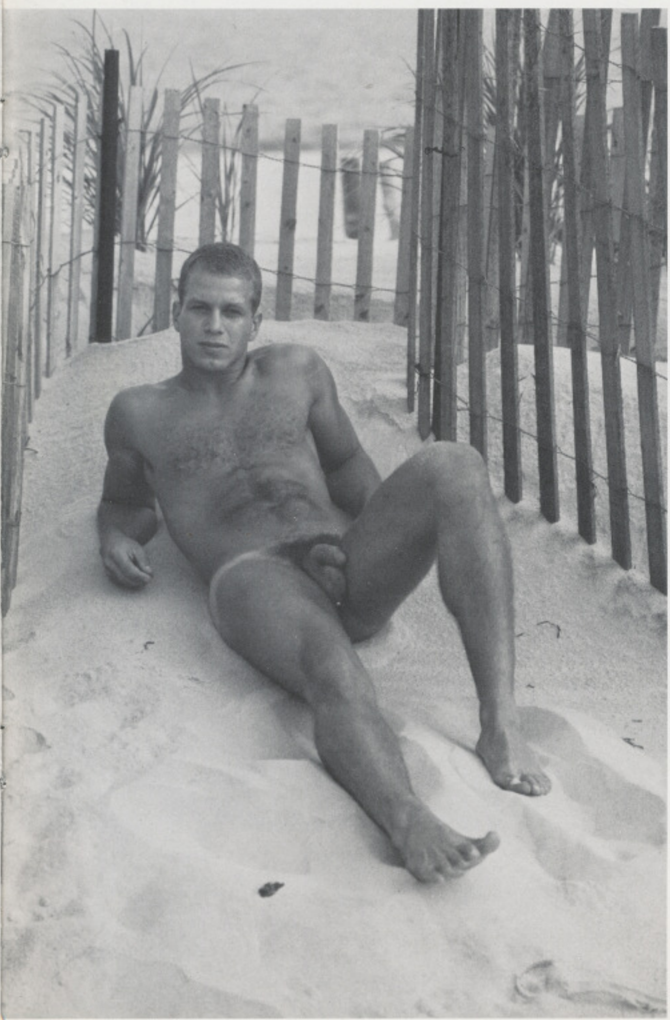


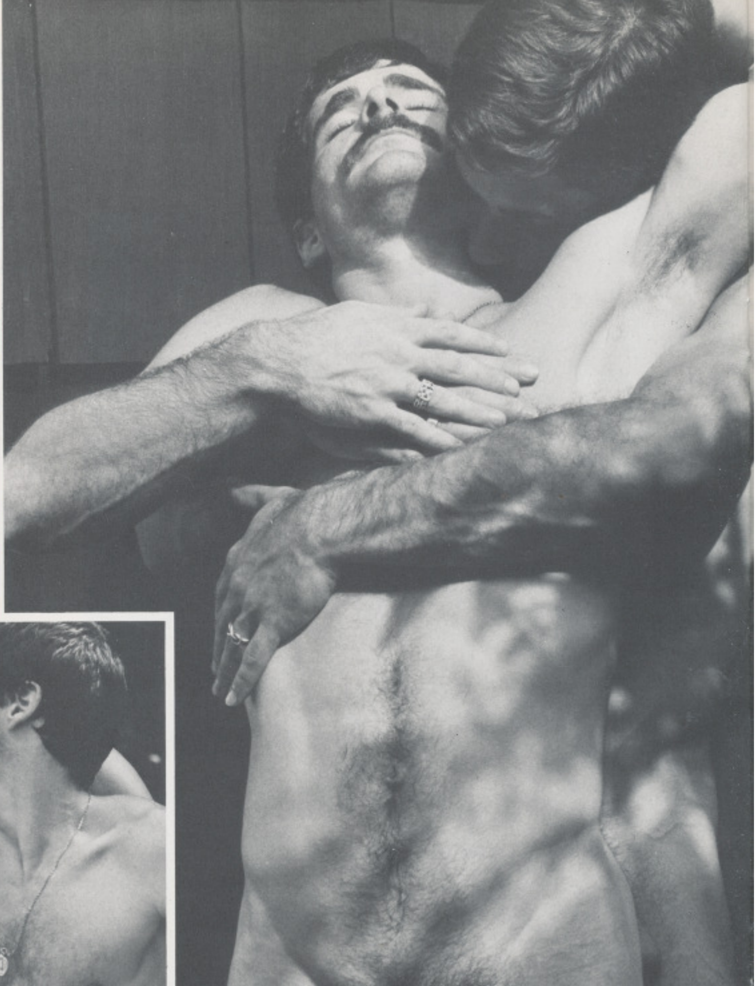


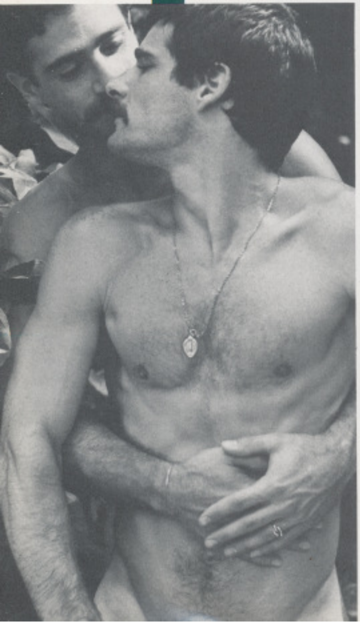
Sous les pins, le long de la plage, au « Boulevard de la Drague », un jeune type aux cheveux blonds et courts, les yeux bleus, ayant l'allure d'un foot-baller de fac, cherchait visiblement l'âme sœur et faisait tout pour ça.









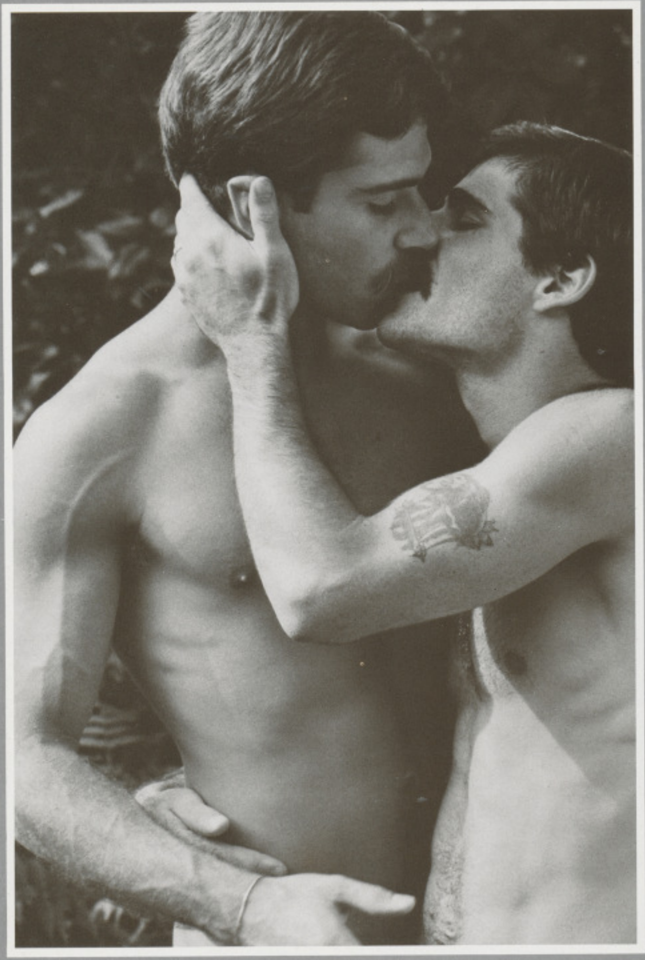


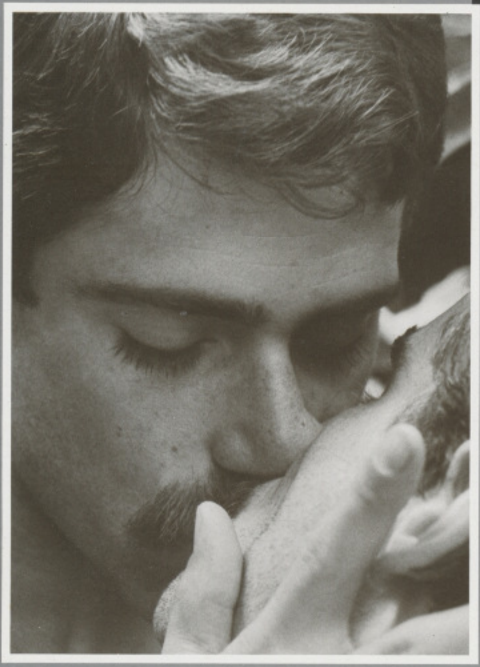
Paul était parti. Gene et moi n'avions pas bougé. Le temps semblait suspendu, comme aux aguets.

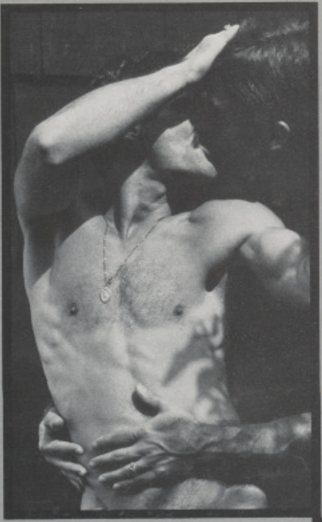
Des mains sensuelles et dures, brusquement, broyèrent mes muscles noués. Epaules. Torse. Hanches.

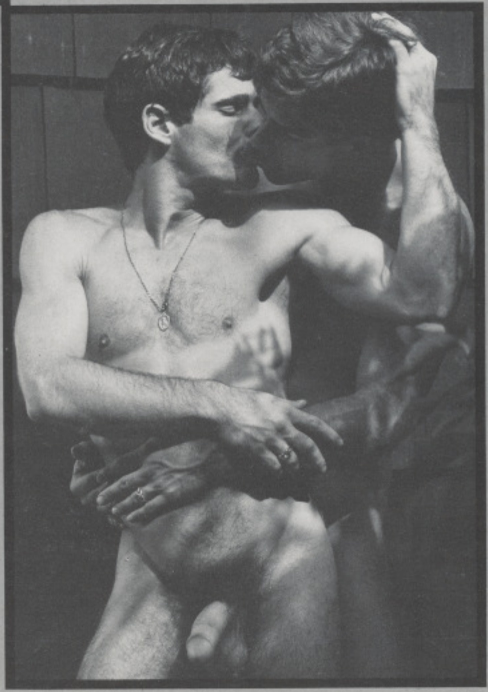
Sa poitrine chaude cherchait à épouser mon dos. Excité par le contact, je me suis adossé sur ses cuisses fermes.

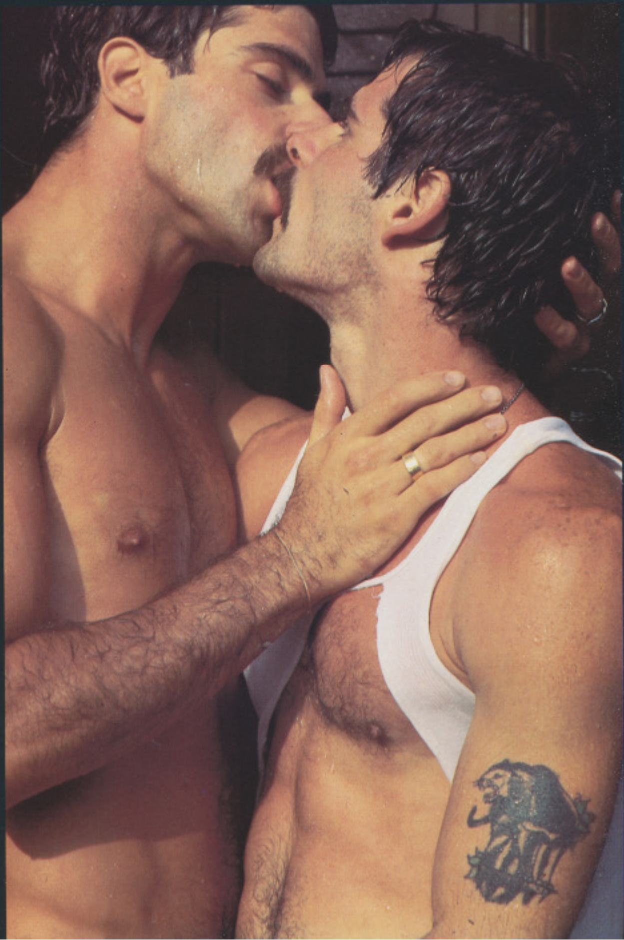
Trader serait bien vengé...











Extraits
du Journal de Al
« Fire Island Fever »

Fire Island Fever

Text & photos Malcolm HOARE

FIRE ISLAND FEVER: Part Two

Al had come back to the Island to put a ghost to rest. He had visited the place where they had met and the pier where Trader's body was found floating... yet he had resolved nothing and was more confused than ever. The romanticism in which he had been indulging was turning into a bitterness which he indiscriminately directed at everyone. The emotional current which had swept him to this point could be easily charted: since his lover had drowned Al had felt remorse, anger and then guilt... each now intensified by a desperate loneliness.

This last emotion was a self-inflicted wound. Isolating himself from everything that reminded him of Trader had meant cutting himself off from most of his friends and all of his old haunts. Initially this was understandable; but as time passed this self-imposed exile became a form of self-punishment. Even in his decision to return to the Island, ostensibly to break out of this oppressive and self-destructive syndrome, there was a strong element of masochism. He was rolling in the lachrymose self-pity of his own unhappiness. But break out he must, despite the pain.

So... he was back on the Island to face the truth and seek reality again. Reality, however, is an illusive thing on Fire Island. The twisted, stunted pines... the passive curves of the dunes... the tangled tunnels through the dense undergrowth - all had a power to create their own reality. Ancient pagan spirits of all the untamed natural elements ruled here. You felt it in the air and instinctively responded... submitted... obeyed. The wild sex life on the Island was the tangible manifestation of these dark spirits.

A part of Al's mind which reached back into a deep past beyond his conscious understanding was in tune with these Island gods. Al was fighting these primitive instincts and in doing so was blocking any chance he had of coming to a real understanding of his life and of Trader's death. Possibly Trader's spirit had become embroiled in Al's struggle.

If Al could stop using the memory of Trader's love as an instrument of torture, maybe then his lover's spirit would be released to join the wild demons of the Island which in his life Trader had always tried to emulate.

Why, Al thought, couldn't he have his life all sorted out like DeVere for instance? He was never troubled by the kinds of anxieties that were dragging Al down. He was a happiness man, a time-bender, a supplier of multicoloued sugar-coated good times and of little white lines on deco mirrors that reflected instant pleasure. Al would visit DeVere.

As Al walked along the boardwalk, a rise over one of the dunes afforted a view of the back of the luxury house. He could see DeVere quite clearly: pretty, expensive and exclusive... though not as exclusive as this rich lover would have wished. Unseen, Al paused to watch DeVere swim the length of the pool... then lay in the sun to dry... then hit a line and lay in the sun some more. Trader had visited DeVere the night he had drowned and Al was sure that it was here that he had taken that fatal Angel Dust which had caused the accident. He wondered what else had gone on between them there by the pool where DeVere now floated aimlessly with not a care in the world except for improving his already rich, deep tan.

He was already very brown, but then he was expected to be... it set off the clothes his lover purchased for im almost weekly so well. Particulary it suited the sheer shorts and pants in parachute silk that seemed to have been designed with DeVere's attributes in mind - and in view.

Unaware that he was being watched, he peeled off the wet pants, revealing a lithe, youthful body sparkling with drops of water. His curly black hair clung to his face which had a handsome gypsy wildness. It was what made him so attractive. DeVere took a joint from a lacquered box, lit it and drew on it deeply. As he did so large spots of rain began to fall.

Al looked up into the sky. A heavy summer storm had broken overhead, gathering from nowhere to unleash itself with a sudden fury. He did not move, though; the rain was not cold and he enjoyed the fierceness of it against his skin. To his surprise he noticed that DeVere had climbed onto the roof of the house and was reveling in the warm, sensuous down-pour as it beat against his naked body. He was finding some wild release from the domestic confines of the house and in the tingling exhilaration of the driving summer storm was a moment of pure freedom.

The storm ended as abruptly as it had begun and the house reassumed its ordered, elegant self. DeVere climbed down from the roof and went indoors briefly, emerging a minute later with a tiny silver spoon placed securely against a nostril. The sun shone bright over the clear blue pool. DeVere put on dark mirrored sunglasses and lay back on a yellow chair. Life went on as usual. Al's desire to find out DeVere's recipe for contentment evapored with the diamond clusters of raindrops that the sun was burning from the pines. Trader's ghost was still with him, his lost sad face seemed to look out from the trees themselves.

It had no been DeVere's good looks or his plentiful supply of pills that had made Trader make his fateful visit. It had been Al's own behaviour that had driven him to DeVere's door. Trader had been trying to get away from Al and the hurt he had caused him. It was all Al's fault for being such a whore. But he couldn't help it... he had needs too.

A bitterness rose within him that he could almost taste. The idea of two guys living together happily nauseated Al, revolting him as much as the idea of marriage and other out-dated concepts useful only to baby-makers. His frustration and fermenting anger brought to mind two friends that he had not visited since Trader. They would still be together, he thought cynically, snug and smug in their modest Island cottage... husband and husband with a child-dog. They were certainly a part of the past that needed to be revisited, if only to prove how dull faithfulness could be.

Gene and Paul had found a kind of harmony together, a reasuring security in each other. It was enviable.

To add to Al's anger, he had always wanted to sleep with Gene, who was like a big, lazy, brown-eyed labrador, but hunky and hung as well. Was he still as handsome, Al wondered, or had two more years of domesticity made him go to fat. And if he was still in shape, could he be prised away from his partner, at least for a quickie? There was certainly a challenge there.

Al found them sunbathing naked on their secluded deck. Their welcome was very warm, but so casual it was as if he had not seen them for a few days instead of years. They simply lit up a joint and passed it around, a kind of welcoming ritual that said you are safely back in our circle of friends. Nothing had changed at all.

Gene was as handsome as ever, and to Al just as desirable. With no loss of time, he made a blatant pass. There was no noticeable or immediate reaction, but after the joint was finished and they had napped a little in that lazy interrupted way of close summer days, Paul got up, smiled at them both and announced he was going for a walk.

This angered Al; he was making it too easy. Didn't Paul realize that he was after Gene? Where was the challenge if there was no fight. He became deliberately provocative, stripping off his still damp cut offs and allowing his half-aroused state to speak for it-

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n° 6
A DÉCOUPER
BON CADEAU

self. But Paul merely looked fully at him, letting his eyes rest briefly on the swelling shape, smiled, looked back quickly at Gene and left throwing the word "enjoy" over his shoulder at no one in particular.

Paul did feel threatened, but he had learnt to be in tune with the Island. He knew how to adapt to its patterns and enjoy them. The sea would wash away tension if you let it.

The meat rack was sordid if you thought of it that way... or it was a playground where you met and enjoyed other bodies in a physically harmonious freedom that was rarely available in less idyllic settings. Here Paul looked for recreational sex, knowing that he must trust that whatever was happening between Gene and Al was equally recreational. There would be no question of this, except that Al's obviously unstable state made the situation less predictable. However, there was nothing he felt he could do but trust in Gene, and so abandon himself to the pleasures around him.

Gene rubbed oil over Al's body, obviously excited by the touch of his firm muscular torso, but for Al it had become all too easy. In leaving, Paul had given his tacit approval which is not what Al wanted. The hardness of Gene's thighs pressed hot against his had become as meaningless as an encounter in the rack. He pulled away and started to question Gene.

"Did you or Paul ever..." His voice trailed off.
"Sleep with Trader?" Gene finished his question. "Sure, we both did. When you were out screwing around and giving him a hard time".

Gene was silent for a long time and resumed rubbing the oil into Al's back. But it was more of a massage than an attempt to help protect Al's sensitive skin with sunscreen; he was trying to get Al to relax.

"Was it an accident, Gene? Or did he do it on purpose?"

Gene's hands dropped. Al turned to face him, but he could not read in Gene's face what he wanted to see there. It was a sad, knowing look that threw all of his questions, spoken and unspoken, right back at him. He looked away.

"You both slept with him". It was a reflection not a question.
"He was a beautiful man... not just handsome - beautiful inside".
"I think he hated me".
"No!".
"I think he did... at the end".
"You know Trader didn't hate... hate wasn't in him".
"Mr. Goodness-and-Light... Mr. Everybody's friend". Al spat. "Everybody hates".
"You sound like Bette Davis about to sting". Gene commented.
Al pulled back irritably. He was not in the mood for wisecracks. Bette Davis nothing, if he was anyone he Joan Crawford in THE WOMEN, and he hoped Paul was eating his heart out on his damn walk... another Mr. Shining Example to us all...

If Paul was eating anything at that precise moment it certainly was not his heart. He had found another body in the meatrack and it was as beautiful and as natural as the location. A young guy with cropped blond hair, blue eyes and the build of a collegiate football player that made Paul's heart race.

"He tried to love you".
"Tried?" Al questioned sharply.
"It isn't easy loving someone who..." Gene paused and looked Al in the eye, "who is constantly jealous of...".
"Jealous".
"So jealous", Gene continued determindly, "that he begins to hate you for just being what you are".
"What are you talking about? What did he have that I should be jealous of? Was he better looking?".
"Is anyone?" Gene retorted sarcastically. "Shit, man, you felt that people liked him better than you... he was a friendly guy. Happy, easy to get along with. That's why you go to hate him. That's why you flaunted your tricks in front of him. Why you went out of your way to hurt him".

The little garden had begun to grow dark as clouds again covered the sun. Al snatched up his white vest, pulled it on and looked around for his cut offs.

"Listen, fella, I can have anyone anytime so don't tell me I'm not popular".
"Your popularity stops at the end of your dick".
"Right! And don't make out that you didn't want it just a little while ago. You were as stiff as a battering ram...".

The rain beat down heavily, but did not cool the humid summer air. Gene remained silent... unsure of the value of continuing the argument. But he sensed that Al needed to be provoked even further just as pustule needs to be lanced if the poison inside is to be released.

"Of course I want to screw. How else can anyone relate to you".
"Piss off, man!".
"You paraded cheap ass past Trader till he felt like he was nothing, that nobody wanted him...".
"You and Paul didn't pass him up".
"I said he slept with us", Gene smiled sadly, "he did -like a baby -he needed somewhere to go... he needed to feel that somebody cared. That's all".
"Sure".
"He never knew how popular he was; and the more you got at him, the more sympathy he got. Ironic, isn't it. You were defeating your own purpose".
"Poor, sad Trader. Shit! He could have left, couldn't he?".
"Except...".
"Except what?".
"He loved you".

A strangled scream of rage tore from Al's mouth as he lunged at Gene in blind fury. The two fell back against the wall of the house, the torrential rain drenching their straining bodies. All of Al's anger was in his flailing arms, yet they had no real strength. He wanted to be beaten and Gene knew it. He had his arm around Al's neck restraining him when he felt the tension in his body change. Al's buttocks were thrust back, pushing against the throbing hardness beneath Gene's jockstrap. Then his hand reached back, tearing the restraining fabric aside...

Pushing Al against the coarse shingled wall, Gene entered him violently, ripping the wet vest from his body and lunging again and again into him with all his strength. Al took it all and leaned back for more - wanting it to hurt... wanting it to blast him apart- ... for the rain to wash him away... wash everything away. But Gene's brutality had mellowed, the hardness that filled him moved gently now. Everything was soft and fluid -the rain over his body and the strong hotness of Gene in him. He leaned back into the taut body that supported him.

"Come in me... come, now!" Al moaned.

As Gene came in him, Al shot his load into the rain -the spurts of hitting the wall of the house before being washed away with the rain.

"God! Take care of me", he sobbed, turning and hiding his head in Gene's arms.
Gene lifted his head and kissed him lovingly. "It will be alright now".
"I just want to hide".

Gene rocked him gently in his arms, murmuring soothing words of comfort, reassuring him that it was all over. He would know now where he was going and would no longer be haunted by Trader's memory. Trader could finally join the spirits of the Island and Al could start again.

End

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n° 6
BON CADEAU

La liberté des prix, ordonnée par le Ministère du Commerce, a provoqué une particulière extravagance dans les prix de vente au détail des publications comme MASCULIN INTERNATIONAL ou FRANCE BLUEBOY.

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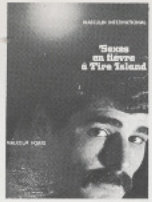

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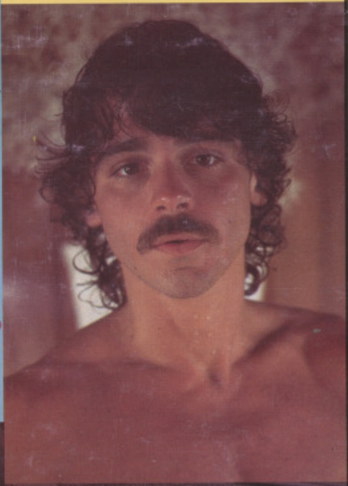

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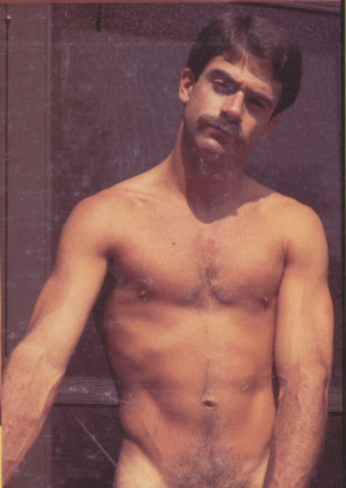
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